

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Blowin' Up The Spot"

[Guru]

Ah so now ya got me pissed off, blast off lift off
Time for me to twist off a vocal fist off
into your domepiece, Homepeace, I heard your chick wants to bone me
I get, wild like rugby, respected like Bugsy
Don't even ask me, cause I'm livin lovely
Born to succeed, foes bleed, true indeed
The oral combat will romp that, your one of my seeds
when I first, busted on the scene
Nigga, you knew I had more than a gangsta lean
I mean my lean is gangsta though so check it
I'll stick an MC for his spot and sign in blood on his wack record
Boo-ya-ka, to your face as I ruin ya
Clown ya, dumbfound ya, while I'm screwin the
fuck out cha girl as she steps into my world
I'm not the tallest, but that ass I'll polish
And if the hooker runs her mouth she gets cut off
But then you'll sweat her, cause like my leather you're butter soft
Your style stinks kid, ya garbage
And if you keep talkin shit, I'ma make ya pay homage
Cause the G to the U to the R-U, came too far to
let you slide through, rhymes will scar you
And who the fuck are you anyway?
I catch more wreck in a minute than if you rhyme for ten days
Throw the cash in the pot
You betta dash nigga, cause I'm blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"

[Premier scratches]

[Guru]

No ex-capin the explosion, those who are dozin, I close in
Set the thermostat at sub-zero, they're frozen
Extreme temperatures from my mic, stuns amateurs
Unable to conquer the Gang, I ain't mad at cha
Peace to Jeru, the Big Shug and the Group Home
Keepin it real, no playin niggaz or chrome
I'm way past the kid shit, brothers already did shit
You want some props? Yo dog, here's a biscuit
I'm a smooth nigga and my groove's bigga, move nigga
And we don't care who's wit cha, got the picture?
And you don't wanna hear the burners go pop
Gang Starr motherfucker, what, blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"

[Premier scratches]

[Guru]

I go from one format then switch to the next
Reflex sets the pitch vocals rip through projects
Crazy shouts are heard all around
Cause the GangStarr sound carries more weight per pound
I got some brand new Timbs, so emcees sing new hymns
You betta repent, come correct, represent
or get stomped, smacked and slapped, cap peeled back
I got you open, and now you cling to my sac
Get off, hands off, stay off, you're way off
You rookie motherfuckers it's the finals not the playoffs
I'll break you up into particles, to small pieces
Because your brain is miniscule
You little fool, come learn the tools of the trade
I made the rules so go to school and get played
Just when you're thinkin that your jam is hot
Up steps the niggaz who be blowin up the spot